AN IOWA ASYLUM.

HOW THE FEEBLE MINDED ARE CARED FOR AT GLENWOOD.

Some Information Gleaned from the Best Sources as to the Proper Treatment of Idiots-Not Enough Attention cont Given the Defective Classes.

[Special Correspondence.] GLENWOOD, Ia., July 12 - The tenth census gives the number of persons belonging to fective and delinquent classes in the United States, including criminals, at 464,251, or 1 in every 108 of the total population. The cost of supporting the great army of deficiency was piaced at \$70,000,000 a year. In the jails, almshouses, hovels, in the highways and by ways of the land are to be found the weak and vicious reproducing their kind, only to entail upon succeeding generations an sing borde of illegitimates, criminals and paupers, to become a burden of expense e, not to speak of the untold expense



ASYLUM AT GLESWOOD, IA. est remarkable instance of hereditary ory is that of the "Juke" family of New York state. This interesting record was the work of Richard L. Dugdaie, a member of the Prison Reform association. He learned more or less of the life history of 709 descendants of the Juke sisters, and or tacks a deplorable and appailing array of facts and figures. He traced this wretched family through six generations, and carefully calculates the cost to the cominfested by the fifth and eixth ration the entailment of crime, minery and papperism of survivors in suc rations, and incurable disease. sanity and idiocy, as a necessary sequence of all this debauchery. Eighty of the Jukes were idiotic or insane. The crimes of the family covered everything in the almost end lem variety known to the law. Both Martha ke were women of feeble minds, but they left a record, infamous though it be,

The census shows upwards of 80,000 feeble minded and idiotic persons in the United States, women in due ratio predominating. The Juke sisters are the prototypes of like to be found in jails and poor house in every state in the Union. The result is seen, but the source is not considered. Prisons and asylums multiply, and except with the few the causes and prevention of crime, inmaily and idiocy receive little attention or

re are two views taken by the world in eneral disregard of the misery attending unfortunates, in the hope and belief that the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" will ultimately wipe them out. The proposition, too, to destroy the helpless and incompetent young is one that cannot be tolerated by civilized beings. That course is left to savages and the brute creation. The second view is that of paternal government for defectives. Dr. Kerlin, in discussing the question of the government dealing with the wants and rights of the individual, says: "In our present development, government, where best for the common weal, should as-sume the relation of parent to its subject; sume the relation of parent to its subject; licensing here and refusing there; correcting an evil at one point or absolutely abating that evil at another; giving personal liberty where self reliance proves its rightful claim; abridging personal liberty where its exercise is attended with a crusade against the rights of the peaceable, whether in the spoliation of the house breaker or house lurrace in the the house breaker or house burner, in the tyranny and brutality of the inebriate's home, or in the corruption of the very springs of life in the prostitution of the brothel."

Dr. Powell, of the Iowa Institution for Peeble Minded, says: "The strongest letters of appeal for admission of immates to our income from parents who have adthe future welfare of their children crowd heavily upon them. The mother of an imbe cile child is one of the most pitiable objects in the world, for her burden of belplessness, grief and care must increase with the pass ing years, and to many an aged mothe come the thought, Who will care for and guard my afflicted daughter in the future? "The very idea of a feeble child being with

out suitable protection is painful, not only to parents, but to all good citizens. It is not ce to the individual but to the only justice to the marketed should have state, that persons thus afflicted should have the strong arm of the commonwealth to shield and protect them. It is not enough that the state provide temporarily for this class ites; it must be a life school and home for its inmates, thereby preventing the trans of infirmities to a still more degraded progeny." An Iowa legislative comirges the permanency of the feeble minded institution on the grounds of public safety, believing that to turn inmates out with the possibilities of reproducing their kind was a disregard of law both human and New York and Pennsylvania have already

taken advance steps in providing special an permanent accommodations for unguarded stintic females. Despite false political phi losophy and hardness of heart, the noble evenent in behalf of the permanent sup port of the weakminded and other dependent classes will eventually succeed and all such definquents will become the wards of the goverument. "In the future," says Dr. Kerlin, "the correlation of idiocy, insanity, pauper-ism and crime will be understood. There will be fewer almshouses and more workshops Jails, criminal courts and grogshops will cor spondingly decrease, and here and there over try may be the 'viliages of the s up of the warped, twisted and incorrigible, happily contributing to their own and the support of those more lowly cities of refuge in truth-bavens in which il shall live contentedly, because no longer misupdentood nor taxed beyond their mental and moral capacity. They shall go out no more, and they shall neither marry nor be given in marriage in these havens dedicated

I was led to an investigation of this ques tion of public control and isolation of the mentally deformed class in particular by a visit to the Iowa State Institution for Feeble d Children located at Glenwood, where 250 of the most unfortunate of human beings are congregated, many of them having been rescued from the garinge heap of society and there trained in the direction of intelligence

Iowa was the seventh state in the Union to organize an institution for the education and care of this class. Twenty states now recognize the right of the weak minded child to "Yes, there seems to be, but hit's all a snare some sort of elevating influences. Thirteen and a cullusion. Yesterday I wanted change of these states have institutions to this end, while the other seven make partial provision an' I hain't found it yet. I never seed a for feeble minded children in private or other town where it was so hard to get change foah state institutions. The lowa institution was a pore \$5 bill "-Drake's Travelar's Magazine opened in 1876, under the superinted dency of Dr. O. W. Archibald, now of the North Dakota insane hospital, and was succeeded in 1880 by Dr. F. W. Powell, who has faithfully and int ligently carried forward the work. At first the institution was regarded as an ex periment, and parents were reluctant to poss their belpless children to the case of a state asylum. Confidence increased as good results became apparent. It was soon crowled, and from one building the institution has grown into a plant of six fine brick structures, where the work of recreating the weak children of misfo tune is carried on in a comprehensive

The system of instruction varies somewhs from that of the public school. The instruc-tion of the senses seems at first sight to b no difficult task, but in the case of the feeble bodied and feeble minded it means almost their apparent creation. It is a training of mind and body, a joint education of brain and eye, and car, and band and foot. It requires earnestness and gentleness, firmne and unlimited patience, and where applied as it is at Glenwood it takes from drear faces the duil, blank animal book and makes then

The school department covers instruction from the simplest forms of fixing the atten-tion and calling forth an effort, such as open ing and closing the hands, winding yarn, distinguishing colors and forms, up to the elementary branches of reading, writing, etc. and one of the features of the institution is a brass band of twenty pieces, and quite as good music is made as could be brought out among an equal number of right minded boys. Both girls and boys receive instruction in sewing with hand and machine. In the domestic department the girls are taught much that is useful in home and every day

The industrial or manual department includes shops of various kinds, the farm, garden and laundry. The farm consists of 200 acres, well tilled. A herd of thirty Holstein wa furnishes the children with plenty of

The third department is the custodial which ncludes the asylum and nursery. To those not acquainted with the babits and helplessss of the lower grade of inmates no idea can be had of the care required to keep things clean. The laundry, fitted up with steam machinery, is busy all day long, and a scrubbing force is constantly on duty. The work of all connected with the institution is most

exacting. Our public charities and reformatory institutions are among the highest and noblest products of Christian philanthropy—one of the finest outgrowths of Nicoteenth century civilization. Iowa has provided for the edu-cation and care of her defectives, as well as her normal children, with a munificence as broad and liberal as her prairies are grand and productive. Dr. Kerlin, superintendent of the Pennsylvania institution, the largest in the world, pays the following tribute to the Iowa institution in an address before the national convention of charities and correction. He said: "Of all the states in which special provision has been made for the education of the feeble minded, lowa has most rapidly developed her work. end a surer cure for those who are skeptical in regard to this work than to visit the lowa institution. It was founded in faith, with the broadest perceptions of state duty and state capacity." The public school system of lows is pointed out as a model one in the great family of states; at the same time the Hawkeye state ranks with the older commonwealths in special educa-tional efforts. Moses Folson.

TWO FRENCH RACERS

Two Great Gallie Matches.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, July 11.-Lovers of the race ures here presented of the French horse and mare which have lately carried off the honors at Paris and Chantilly. Both are runners, for the French, like the English pay much stion to trotting than the Americans



MONARQUE. Monarque and Tenebreuse ("Monarch" and Darkness") are both from the stable of M.

stud, in the valley of the Auge. At the Derby of Chantilly, Monarque led, and price at the Paris ra s. Both were ridden by English jockeys, the horse by Hartley and the mare by Woodburn, who had been hastly summoned from England. Tenebreuse gained an easy victory at Paris, though and The Baron, who had won prizes at the British Derby. The latter came in second at

Monarque ran his first race in a long beat at Deanville, when but two years old, and showed a slight "balt," which the French jockeys pronounced fatal to his chances as a runner, but did not hinder him in the short heat at Chantilly

The elegant form and free action of Tene brense excited the enthusiasm of all the



Both are from the same sire-Saxifrage; Monarque's dam is Destinee, and New Star that of Tenebreuse. Our cuts show the elegames of both horses and the style of the jockeys who rode them to victory.

Chumbers, Not Barrels, Johnny (the office boy)-What kind o' pistol yer goin' have the 4th? Joe (2d ditto)-Big one; lots o' shots ter

Johnny-How many barrels? Joe (scornfully)-Tain't harrels, or hogs-

beads, or anything of that kind, little feller, Johnny-Hugh! Feel mighty smart, don't yer? I wouldn't have a chamber maid pistol no how!—Beston Record.

"How do you like the town?" asked a white man of Sum Johnsing, who had just arrived in town and started a barber shop. "De town am good emiff, but Ise sorry for de folk-dev are so posh "There seems to be considerable wealth," remarked the customer.

Little Marie—Aunty, you don't know how mad papa got this merning. He slammed a plate against the wall and broke it all to

Little Carl, reprovingly-Mamma told us not to speak about it. Marie. Marie-Oh, yes, I forgot. Papa didn't throw the plate against the wall. It just elipped out of his hand and fell against the wall and broke into a thousand pieces -Texas Siftings.

MARY JANE'S TRAVELS.

WITH DICKEY SHE VISITS THE SUNNY LAND OF FRANCE.

What the Two Women Find That is of Interest in a Daylight Journey from Boulogne to Marseilles-Dickey's Observations Recorded.

Special Correspond MARSKILLES, France, June 28-1 have heard a great deal about "sunny France," the "vine clad hills," and that sort of poetic slush, and counted it as so much paid the printer for advectising, but I take it all back now. There is a "sunny France," and there are "vine clad hills," and there is everything that is down on the bills. Perhaps the terrible month of May in London had some thing to do with making the sunshine rose month so delightful in France: 1 do not know; I do not say. I only know that our trip by daylight from Boulogue to Marseille was such a vacation for a torpid liver that I carnestly advise every Englishman or Ameri-can caught in London in bad weather to try it as we tried it. We made the journey in three stages, stopping the first night in Paris, the next two in Lyons, and closing at Mar-

It was our first experience in a really foreign land, and we enjoyed it as children enjoy a picnic. It was a positive relief to get out of England, where everything in the country is kept with such painful neatness, and see once more a plain board fence with a gate loose on the hinges, a few stray weeds along the roadside, growing in an independent fushion, and a tree now and then, which did not have the appearance of being brought up as a pet. The country between Boulogne and Paris is flat and rather uninteresting, except to the stranger who is in France for the first time, and to whom the invariable blue shirt of the peasalong every roadway are more than forty acres of ancient ruins with history roosting

on every bandful of dust scattered over them Speaking of the blue shirted peasant reninds me that in England and France the small farmer or the laborer shows his calling in his clothes to a much greater extent than among the same classes in America. With us a sturdy farmer or workingman in his presentable on the street, but in these counries "the apparel oft doth proclaim the man;" his clothes always show what he is.

The ready made clothing man has not that hold on the affections of the people he has in our own country, and, until he has, class distinctions will be noticeable by even the casual We could see, too, very early in our trip

that we had reached a country where the prevailing religion differed from that of England, and the "cowled monk" was not an un usual sight at the stations and along the high ways approaching the towns.

We reached Paris about 5 in the afternoon,

and waited nearly half an hour to get our buggage. They check buggage in London for Paris, and we had ours checked (three valies); trunks are a nuisance to European travelers in order to have the custom officials examine them at Paris instead of at Boulogue, where time was limited. We had them checked again later for Lyons by paying a penny, but my advice is not to do it, for these foreigners are the slowest creatures imaginable, and when the traveler can't speak the language baggage claiming is a delusion and a snare. No nation on earth but our own has yet acquired the art of making travel a pleasure. We slept in Paris, and the next evening were in Lyons, after a beautiful day's ride along pretty streams, green valleys and among uaint old towns

The next morning before starting out to see he town I interviewed Dickey. "Dickey," said I, "what do you know about

"Ob." said she, "I know all about it. I've got a splendid Lyons silk umbrella and a Lyns velvet dress that cost \$8 a yard in the

"But that isn't history," said L "But that sart instory," said I.
"But it's fact," said she, "which all history isn't. They are the genuine article, too, for the handsome clerk in the store told me so, and that Lyons was famous the world over for its silk and velvet manufacture

Further conversation developed no

valuable information and I concluded that Dickey must be tike some other American girls I knew, and I didn't press my inquiries However, Lyons has a history and much of it is stained with blood. It was here that the and a fortnight later the mare Tenelarouse guillotine, the most approved and rapid inby the revolutionary leaders of 1791, so they gave it up and went to shooting and drowning the objects of their vengeance. I have een several guillotines, one of which had cut ends, so the guide said; and I think I should prefer shooting or drowning, though I don't suppose it would make very much difference half an hour after either operation were completed.

There's a new Lyons and an old Lyons, and in old Lyons I never had seen so many narrow streets and high houses. They looked like Rocky mountain canyons with windows in them. We ran around everywhere, and finally adjourned to the heights of Fourviere, where there is a great church and a great view. We went into the chapel and it looked like a picture shop, for this is a place where pilgrims come by millions and each one seems to have left a white tablet or a small memorial picture. On the hillside below the church is a garden filled with shrines, and at one I saw a sight which caused reflection. In Mary, and between them stood a gard:ner with a broom in his hand. Kneeling at the entrance was a plainly dressed man, and as I watched the group it was difficult to say whether the animate or manimate figures within were receiving the worship of the kneeler. In any event the gardener and his broom occupied the most conspicuous posim and seemed proud of it.

"Why don't they put up the sign 'Closed for repairs," said Dickey, "or throw the gardener over the fence?"
"Don't talk so," said I; "it's none of our

all right, and if the piritual and temporal are brought into rather unusual relations it is not his fault." We found Lyons a pleasant city, with a

pretty girl at our hotel who spoke English quite well, and we should like to have seen more of it-c'urches, museums, Hotel de Ville, parks, nivers and so on-but we had to get away, and we did it regretfully. The mat afternoon found us in Marseilles;

the "City of the Sycamores" I should call it, for its streets are lined with them, in many instances forming a long continued archway from curb to curb. In this respect 1 believe Marseilles claims first rank among all the cities of the world. Its drives are magnificent, the Corniche, along the Mediterranean being the most beautiful. The Prado is an other, fined with four rows of huge syca-mores and as smooth as a floor. I have seen sothing that compares with it, but when we come to think that Marseilles has been a city for 2.500 years there is less cause for wonder

at her beauty.
"Her beauty?" said Dickey, as I read this to

"That's what I have written," said I. "Change the kender of that po-sessive pro-oun," said she.

"What's the matter with it?" said I "Age d esn't improve the beauty of any thing of the feminine gender," said she. "Look at me," said L sarcustically.
"That's what I was looking at," said she;

but I made no change, for Marseilles is beautifu) and she is old. There is not much to interest the ordinary traveler in Marseilles, but, to me, nothing ever so fascinated me as did the Coat an d'if, made famous by Dumas in his "Monte Cristo." It is on a little island, three mil s from shore, and is untenanted save by the keeper and his family. The old man has been there forty-seven years, he told us, and prisoners have been immured within its heavy walls during his incumbency. It is time worn and costy and there was a charm about is

cound not resist. We were in the cell from which the abbey dug into the cell of Edmund Dantes, now closed by government orders; in another, the "Man in the Iron Mask,"

along; here Philip Egalite suffered for his duplicity; and on the moldy walls the prisoners had written their names and carved fig- Maori had listened without saying a ures in the dull and dreadful hours; their At last, as the younger man was about names were everywhere, but I knew none ing his speech, he inspirred: save two, scratched into the plaster: "John Smith, Skaneateles, N. Y." No date, no other legend but that, and the world is left to wonder winat John had ever done that be should slowly arose, and throwing off everything be shut in this living grave. What tears the but a waistcloth, he bounded across the room dear ones at his quiet home in Skaneateles and addresses the court, saying:

and wishing for his return! What days and inglits have like a funeral train passed by

claim can be have on this large! I conquered nights have like a funeral train passed by claim can be have on this laulf. I conquered those dungeon bars and left. John Smith of long ago the people and lived on that land Skaneateles, N. Y., no other boon save memory and writing on his wall. I did not ask the aged guide about Mr. Smith. What he do for that? It was enough to know that be had buried? I tell him and show him. Description of that? It was enough to know that be had buried? I tell him and show him. Description of that? It was enough to know that be had buried? I tell him and show him. Description of that? I tell him and show him. Description of the t some succeeding traveler might weave about

Dame de la Garde and high above the town, overlooking its red roofed buildings, stretching beyond its environs, and encompassing the lofty summits of the Maritime Alps, which hedge the city and the undulating

We go from Marseilles to-morrow. We shall never see it again, perhaps, but its beauty will always be a pleasant memory, as its bad will always be a pressure member of quarter, will always be an explanation why, whenever cholera touches the Mediterranean coast, it can get a whole handful of Marseilles, when it can't more than get a pinch of any other it can't more than get a pinch of any other city in the district. MARY JANE

A STRANGER IN GOTHAM

Interview with a Man Who Makes Improvement of the Memory a Specialty. Special Correspondence.)

New York, July 11.-The third or fourth story, front, of an imposing building on Fifth avenue, near its junction with Broadway, bears a sign sure to attract attention from the street. It is in black and white, extends acrossa window, and aside from a sor's" name bears in huge capitals the word Curiosity impelled me to ascend the winding stairways which led to the office to which the window and its sign belong. A pretty girl sprang up from manipulation of a typewriter in an outer office as I entered, and when I asked for the profesor stepped into the inner room, where I was soon invited.

A stout man with a big head, partly bald, and a gray mustache, sat in this apartment tearing open letters from a pile before him. I asked an explanation of his peculiar sign.
"There is little to explain about it," be said, "except that I teach people to remem-ber anything they want to remember. With the co-operation of any pupil one can have just as good a memory as he may desire to

"How long does it take to learn, professor!" "The course consists of five lessons, which may be given by mail fully as well as in "And how long are the lessons?" "That depends on the pupil, of course; the average is about three hours, I think. Much

of my teaching is done in classes by a series of lectures. I have lectured to a class of 200 of lectures. I have lectured to a class of 200 at Yale college, 400 at the University of Ponnsylvania, 100 Columbia law students, 300 lady students of Wellesley college and many others in this country. In England I have been even more prominently identified with educational institutions."

"How long have you been in this business?"
"About twenty-five years, most of the time abroad. I still have a branch in London and, in fact, have been in this country only about a year. I was induced to come here

by my American pupils."

"There are two stages of memory," the lit-There are two stages of memory," the lit-tle man said to me—"receptive power and re-vival of impressions. My system is to in-crease each of these so you remember be-cause you can't help yourself. Concentration is the cardinal feature of the system, and the first thing is to sirengthen the power of at-tention so you hold your mind on any subject without wandering. Our natural mem-ories are broken down by learning things by

The professor gave me a pamphlet profuse with caps, italies and boldface lines from which I learn that he also teaches "whist memory" and the art of illustration, or how to find appropriate anacdotes, adages, for-mulas, etc. Among the gentleman's pupils have been Judah P. Benjamin, W. W. Astor, Dr. Buckley and Mark Twain. This year the professor is to lecture before the Chautanqua (N. Y.) university.

The new magazine, The Cosmopolitan, originally launched at Rochester N V has been moved here and seems destined for suc-cess. Its editor is Frank P. Smith, until his connection with The Cosmopolitan an editorial writer on The Democrat and Chronicle at Rochester. The success of this new magavirile personality of Mr. Smith. I think. He is tall and slender, with an oval face and abundant coal black hair, carelessly brushed across his forebead. A black mustach his nose supports light steel framed classes. He is a close student, and is somewhat re

served to strangers.

The advertising rates of the New York daily papers strike terror to the hearts of out of town advertisers. I made a tour of several of the offices and asked for their rate cards For reading notices The World charges \$2.50 a line on its first page, \$1.50 and \$1 on other pages; for the Sunday paper, \$3, \$2, \$1.50 and \$1, the notices to be "starred" or marked advt. For the came thing The Sun charges \$2.50 on first page, \$1.50 on third page. The Times rate is \$2 for first page, or a column is ments for help, etc., The Times make at five cents to ten cents per line. For agate notices preceding marriages and deaths. The Tribune has \$1 per agate line, \$2 preceding markets. For "wants" The World charges twenty to for wants the worst charges twenty to twenty-five cents per line, five cents extra on Sunday. All the papers charge double price for display type, electros, and quaeruple rate for double columns. Births, mar-riages and deaths are \$1.50 in The Times, twenty-five cents per line in The World, five cents extra Sundays; \$1 in The Tribane. Walter Wiserley.

It Wasn't. He sat on the curbstone in front of the city hall, in the full glare of the noonday sun with the thermometer seeming to mark 400 degrees. A pedestrian, who carried an umother, thought to joke him a little, and called

out:
"Well, is this hot enough for you?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Good lands! but why not!" "Because I've got the Canady ager, and this is just the time for my chill. Say, is there any hotter place than this in Detroits'

> Now to absgain from deadly pond The urchin's no doth urge him, And in the guise of Adam be Doth in the same submerge him. And when with killies in his bala He seeks the cottege cower, The little fictionist asserts Twas but a passing shower.
>
> —Youkers Gasetta.

Jewish Pauperism in London. According to The London Spectator, there is a great deal of Jewish pauperism in London. Last year, it says, every third Jew received aid from the state. The reason for this state of affairs is that a large number of Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Sephardino and Mogreb Jews have immigrated to London.-New York Tri-

twelve weeks annually.

A friend of mine, Hugh Craig, a graduate of Oxford, told me a story on since seen in The Overland Monthly, regard-

whom no man knows, Jong a prisoner; ing a claim to a title here Mirabeau, by a little window, wrote as day aft r day dragged wearily appeared and made a long speech, giving the least here Philip Egalite suffered for reason why a title of a certain piece of land should be given to him. An old, grizzled At last, as the younger man was about finish-"Where are my ancestors buried, but in

this land where I was bornf" When he had ended the old man enter

when he was a small child; and the mistak I then made was in permitting him to live!

No better or stronger title to native land can be brought before the native land courts We climbed the hill to the church of Notre



vear this cap.

Nora O'Dowd—A cap is it! A cap you're wantin' me to wear! One uv thim things loike a doily shtuck on the top uv me head! Sure the nixt thing you'd be axin' me to be coachman for the baby; I'd as lave be drivin' a pig to the market wid a rope to his leg as do the loikes o' that. Harper's Bazar.

They West Back and Lied. Said Buffalo Bill to an American who saw

him recently in London: "Before I got into the show bus must have suspected. I conducted—that's the word now-a great many parties of noble young Englishmen all through the Black Hills, the Vellowstone country, the Little Missouri and Little Big Horn countries. Well, they were mostly quiet, good instured fellows, that kept me shooting to get skins, antiers and such like for them, and I pride myself on keepin' them out o' trouble with Injuns and grizzlies and such. I find these quiet chaps have come home and figured as heroes of every kind of scrimmage; every skin was the natural focus of a stack of lies and every horn is hung with a dime novel of the most sensational kind. And I'm expected to back 'em all up and add more gory particulars. It's rough on an honest frontier-man, but I do it." "What, sustain wholesale faint blush, "it's mostly a young gal with glowing eyes, who's been lied to me, and I am't got it in me to take her vision away from her, and theu," he added in a dreamy way, "it's all goin' to help the show."—Dukota Bell.

Couldn't Reasonably Expect It. He popped his bend cautiously inside of our sunctum door, just as we were starting out on an important leading article, and mentally cursing the innate perversity of a stubborn steel pen and a bottle of limpid, mucilagin-

"Don't want no lead pencils today, do you!" he equivocally sang out. "Come in, my man," was our encouraging response; "let's look at 'em; what do they

"Ten cents a dozen," was the answer in a seductive, persuasive tone of voice. After paying for our purchase, we can

tionsly inquired:
"Do you think they'll write?" The vender of confined plumbage sirugged his shoulders and made truthful response: "The pencils look good enough, but you cer price."-Pretzel's Sunday National.

Pennsylvania farmer as he rushed into the

"Natural gast" Nen! William, don't you lie to me.

"But we've struck it-me and Jim-down "Weil, shet right up or the old weman will

hear you. Not a word to her, William-not a whisper! Time we struck ile I had to buy her two calico dresses, and when we found coal she struck for a pair of shoes. If she bears of this she'll want a \$2 shawl, and like enough a pair of them red stockings. Mun is the word, William."—Wall Street News.

think is the matter with me? Doctor-1 am inclined to think your blood s not pure. I'll have to give you something o purify your blood.

Mrs. Bondelipper, haughtily-You are probably not aware that I belong to one of the old Dutch families of New York.—Texas Siftings.

Bowery Professor-You seem to take a good eal of interest in astronomy! Farmer Cornbusk—Yas, I spend a great leal of time in studin' the beavens; in fact I'm losing valuable time this moment. Bowery Professor (sotto voce)-Yes, I know you are. - Texas Siftings.

SEPARATION.

Along the eastern shore the low waves creen. Making a ceaseless music on the sand— A song that guils and curlews understand, The initialy that sings the day to sleep. A thousand miles afar, the grim pines keen Unending watch upon a shoreless hand, Yet through their tops, swept by some winard hand.

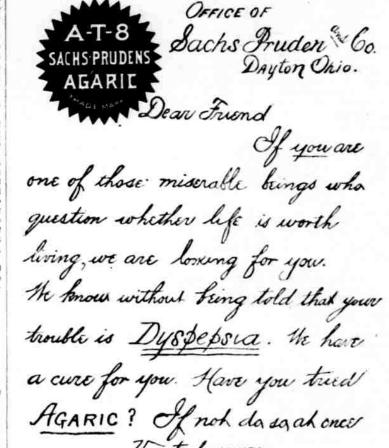
The sound of surf comes singing up the steep.

Sweet, thou canst hear the tidal litany: 1, mid the plue land wearied, may but dream Of the fair shore: but though the distance seem Between us fixed, impassable, to me Cometh thy soul's voice, chanting love's old

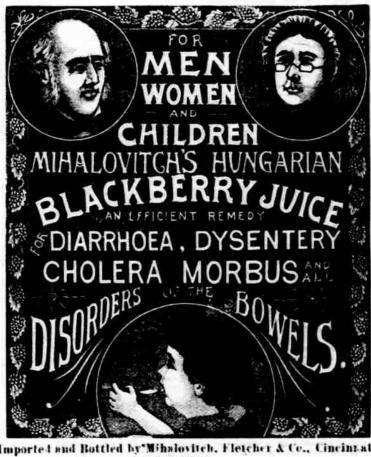
And mine doth answer, as the pines the sea.

— Ellen Barroughs in Scillner's.

"His Little Circle of Wives." "How old is John Taylor now?" "Eighty. That poor old man is without a bome today. He is a polygamist, but he i, 80 years of age. They got to raiding him and pursuing him, and he called his little circle of around him and said: 'All that I can A maid of honor in Queen Victoria's do is to go and live by myself. It is cruel to household receives a salary of \$1,500 a be separated from you all, but there is no year, and her presence is required only other way."—From "Gath's" interview with a son of Brigham Young



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